

THE  
Leaky Vessel,  
A  
TALE.

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*Victa est non ægré proditiōe sua.*

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Ovid.



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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBERTS near the Oxford-Arms  
in Warwick-Lane. 1721.  
(Price Four-Pence.)

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Leaky Vessel

A  
T A L E

OF THE

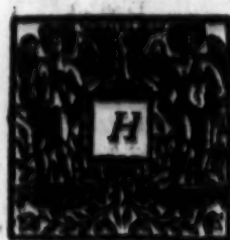
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LEAKY VESSEL,  
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TALE.



**HIRCO**, an old, but amorous Blade,  
Had sometime kept a pretty Maid;  
Whom to debauch he oft had try'd,  
But had as often been deny'd:

Fair Promises at first were us'd,  
But these with scorn the Girl refus'd;  
Nor could his Coin prevail upon her  
To sell her Love, or wound her Honour;  
Old *Hirco* thought he ne'er should do't,  
And so gave o'er the vain pursuit.

**HIRCO** had all his Life been one  
They call a boon Companion.  
And in his House had always Liquor  
To entertain the Squire or Vicar,

From

From bottled Ale to good *French* Claret,  
 And Stout so stale; no Head could bear it;  
 Man's greatest Sin he often said,  
 Was sneaking soberly to Bed;  
 Believ'd that parting dry Lips was;  
 Of *Sodom's* Fire the fatal Cause;  
 Hell's Torments he did really think  
 Not scorching Flames, but want of Drink;  
 He made it plain from sacred Writ,  
 That Wine was for the Stomach fit,  
 And therefore he, for Conscience sake,  
 A hearty Dose would often take.  
 But when inflam'd with generous Liquor,  
 His Pulse beat high, and Blood mov'd quicker;  
 Then Fancy brought into his Arms,  
 His Wench dress'd up in all her Charms,  
 Her ruddy Cheeks, her well turn'd Nose,  
 Her little Mouth, her Eyes like Sloss,  
 Her less'ning Shape, her swelling Bubbles,  
 Her Lilly Hand, and Lips of Rubies;  
 A thousand Beauties yet unseen,  
 That might have tempted Saints to Sin;  
 Made *Hirc* with he durst renew,  
 Th' Attack he once had made on *Sue*;  
 What pity 'tis, he often said,  
 So sweet a Wench should die a Maid;  
 That *Sukey* should (and who could tell  
 But that she might) lead Apes in Hell:  
 But *Sue* most bravely had withstood  
 His first Attacks; call'd him lewd  
 And filthy Beast, and often swore,  
 She wou'd not stay a Moment more;



For all his Gold beneath his Roof,  
 If e'er he talk'd his foolish Stuff.  
 Aw'd by her Threats old *Hirco* strove,  
 To banish his ill-fated Love.

It happen'd on a certain Night,  
 That *Hirco* did some Friends invite;  
 About the Time when o'er the Nation,  
 Roast Beef and Mince Pies were in Fashion.  
 The spark'ling Glass went briskly round,  
 Each Toper bravely stood his Ground,  
 And swore he wish'd that Heaven's Thunder,  
 Would strike him dead, if he knock'd under:  
 The godly P-r-f-n who was there,  
 Said *Amen* to the hearty Prayer.  
 T' expel the rawness of the Beer,  
 And keep from Flegms their Stomachs clear:  
 Each made a Chimney of his Nose,  
 And clouds of Smoke around them rose,  
 The Smoak the upper Regions gain'd,  
 And round the Brain the Cloud remain'd.

BUT now'twas late, the watchful Cock,  
 Had long since crow'd it twelve a Clock.  
 And each Man thought, tho' none had Grace  
 To own it, Bed the properest Place.  
 Here one extended on the Floor,  
 In Liquor swam, yet call'd for more;  
 A second swallow'd whilst he cou'd,  
 But at the last, went out and spu'd,  
 Another roar'd and hoop'd aloud,  
 A fourth reel'd round the Room, and vow'd,

In spite of *Hirco's* old, *October*,  
 G-d da da d-mn him he was sober.  
 Most of the rest to Sleep began,  
 Amongst 'em there was scarce a Man  
 Had Strength, but *Hirco* and the P-r-f-n,  
 Their Stools upright to set their Arse on.  
 With Grief the Master of the Feast,  
 Beheld the State of every Guest ;  
 He wish'd he could with all his Heart,  
 New Vigour to 'em all impart ;  
 My Friends, said he, come let's chear up,  
 And briskly take the other Cup ;  
 A Plague, what makes you all so dull !  
 I han't got half my Belly full ;  
 Rouse up for Shame, my jolly Boys,  
 Be merry, sing, and make a noise ;  
 I've in my Cellar now a Tub,  
 Believe me, Friends, of charming Bub ;  
 To keep it longer would be Folly,  
 I'll pierce it now and we'll be jolly ;  
 He said, and rising on his Legs,  
 Takes up a Piercer, cuts some Pegs.  
 Seizes a Tankard, thus equipt,  
 Down Stairs into the Cellar slipt.

But *Hirco's* Maid 'twixt Hope and Fear,  
 Her Master's last Discourse did hear.  
 For tho' she kept her Body chaste,  
 And Love unlawful would not taste,  
 Yet the poor Girl was often dry,  
 And lov'd good Liquor by the by,  
 And when old *Hirco* was without,  
 She'd to the Tub, pull vent Pin out,



And with a Straw the drunken Gypsy,  
 Would sometimes suck, 'till she was tipsy,  
 And, as she never chose the worst,  
 This Tub had often quench'd her Thirst.  
 But now she found the time was come,  
 T' acquit her, or pronounce her Doom:  
 Her Master now must miss his Drink,  
 Or else, to Morrow he would think,  
 His Crew had what was missing drank,  
 And ne'er mistrust his *Sukey's* Prank:  
 Not dreaming, that by frequent Vent,  
 The Spirit of the Beer was spent,  
 And that 'twould be but poor and flat,  
 But she poor Soul ne'er thought of that.

MEAN while the busy honest Drunkard,  
 Had with it fill'd a swinging Tankard,  
 And from the Cellar making haste,  
 Return'd to give his Friends a Taste.  
 By Right Divine, the learned As,  
 Must on the Ale his Judgment pass;  
 He drank a Bumper, cry'd, a Pox  
 This cursed Beer e'nt Orthodox,  
 Took t'other Glas and shook his Head,  
 O fye said he, 'tis flat and dead.  
 As *Hirco's* Faith was very little,  
 He never could believe each tittle;  
 Not ev'n of what was given out,  
 To be Damnation, but to Doubt;  
 Much less he credited a Tale,  
 Which so disgrac'd his choicest Ale.

On Sanctity he cast a Frown,  
 Then fill'd a Glass and soak'd it down.  
 But how bewilder'd did he look,  
 To find that *Roger* Truth had spoke;  
 He fretted, rav'd, the Compass swore,  
 And curs'd till he could Curse no more:  
 The P-r-f-on cries, why here's a clatter,  
 Will Swearing, pray now, mend the Matter!  
 The Beer I do believe well brew'd,  
 The Fault's the Vessel where it stood;  
 Or else the Bung-hole is in Fault,  
 By not being stop't up as it ought:  
 Cry'd *Hirco* I am either blind,  
 Or in a Moment's time I'll find,  
 The fatal Cause of this Disaster.  
*Sukey* went down to light her Master;  
 But L--d! how silly did she look!  
 Like Aspen Leaves each Member shook,  
 And she was in such piteous Frighr,  
 She scarce had Power to hold the Light.

MEAN while the Don b' his Nuckle found,  
 The Barrel gave an empty Sound;  
 Surpriz'd, he cries I am undone,  
 Good God! Why half my Beer is gone.  
 The P-r-f-n from above reply'd,  
 Look under and on every Side,  
 I'll hold a Crown, if you but seek,  
 About the Tub you'll find a Leak.  
 Whilst thus the Crafty P-r-f-n said,  
*Hirco* by chance look'd on his Maid:



Disorder'd and confus'd she stood,  
 Her Cheeks were red with flushing Blood,  
 And from her Master, quick she turn'd.  
 Cry'd *Hirco, Sukey*, I'll be burn'd,  
 If you han't someway been the Ruin,  
 Of this, my last *October* Brewing;  
 She trembling, on her Knees did fall,  
 Begg'd his Pardon, and told him all.  
 Say'd he, this Tale will make my Friends,  
 For want of Liquer, some amends;  
 'Twill make 'em merry I dare swear:  
 For G-d's sake Sir, said she, forbear;  
 Lord! Is there no way to atone,  
 For such a Fault? There is but one  
 That can I think of, he reply'd,  
 I've often ask'd and you deny'd  
 A little Favour, if you'll grant it,  
 (And now I really think I want it)  
 I'll hold my Tongue, if you refuse  
 I'll up, and out the Story goes.  
 She paus'd, she blush'd, she cry'd, but knew,  
 Not either what to say or do.

MEAN while, of Kissing he'd his fill,  
 Nor could he keep his Fingers still,  
 One Hand upon her Bosom lay,  
 Whilst t'other took a different way;  
 Then on a Faggot Pile, he laid,  
 The tender, yielding, lovely Maid;  
 The Wench was buxom, plump, and sappy,  
 And fit to make a Lover happy.

C

WHILST

Whilst they in amorous Transports lay,  
 The P-r-f-n wonder'd at their stay!  
 And ask'd 'em what they were about.  
 Cry'd *Hirco*, Z--ds the Leak's found out;  
 Thro' which my Nectar daily flows;  
 Be sure, said *Roger*, stop it close,  
 I'll try, said he, but on my Soul,  
 It is a devilish swinging Hole:

**F I N I S!**

